

PROMINENT PEOPLE

IN PRIESTHOOD FIFTY YEARS



The most remarkable civic demonstration ever given in honor of a clergyman in this country was that recently held in Baltimore in tribute to Cardinal Gibbons, the occasion being the celebration of the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the cardinalate. The distinguished churchman in whose honor this remarkable celebration was held in seventy-seven years old. He was born in Baltimore, received his early education in Ireland, the land of his fathers, and after a collegiate and theological course in this country was ordained to the priesthood in 1861. His life since has been tirelessly spent in the service of religion. He traveled the Carolinas as vicar apostolic, with the rank of bishop, when railroads were unknown and the bridge path did duty for the road. Missionary life in that region has always been one of hardship and the future cardinal had four years of it. In 1872 he was made bishop of Richmond and in 1877 was named as assistant to the archbishop of Baltimore, Rt. Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, and succeeded to that see on the latter's death the same year. He was elevated to the cardinalate in 1886.

Recently the cardinal, who is a deep student of public affairs, gave his views on the evils of the day and named the desecration of the Sabbath, gross and systematic election frauds and the unreasonable delay in our criminal courts and the numerous subtleties by which certain criminals evade the execution of the law, as among the most dangerous to us as a people.

LEWIS AT WORK IN A MINE

After fourteen years as an officer of the miners' organization, Thomas L. Lewis has resumed work with a pick and shovel, although he was offered \$10,000 a year as writer. He is No. 162—or, at least, that's what his check is numbered—and he is working in Room 13 in a mine near Bridgeport, Ohio, with his "buddy" of former years, Sly Price. Lewis was for three years secretary of the Ohio state organization, eight years national vice-president and three years national president.

"See for yourself if they are blistered," Lewis smiled, when asked if the work was not hard on his hands. Only a few scratches showed on the palms that for several years have wielded a pen instead of a pick.

"No, I am not tired," he continued. "The first day went hard with me, and my steps lagged a trifle when I started home, but now I finish the day in good shape."

"I am going to stick to the work, I like it. I like to be with the men who trusted in with the most important office within their gift, and the lure of high salaries offered to me by one or two newspapers and magazines will not turn me from my purpose."

"You may say for me that I am not here to make a bluff good. I am earning a living for my family. I am a miner and am proud of it. You may tell the world that Tom Lewis is in the mines to stay as long as health permits."

"Of course I shall write for a magazine or two, as I hold contracts with them, but it will be purely a side issue, while the mine will be my regular occupation."

The pick and shovel Lewis used the first day were gifts from the miners at the Columbus convention, but they have been supplanted by regular tools purchased at a mine supply store in Bridgeport.

YANKEE ADMIRAL IN LONDON



When America's first dreadnought, the Delaware, steamed out of the harbor at New York on her way to England, she had on board Rear Admiral Charles E. Vreeland, who was duly accredited as naval representative of the United States at the coronation of King George V. He acted as naval aid to John Hays Hammond, special ambassador of this country in attendance at that notable event.

Admiral Vreeland has been in the naval service since 1866 and is one of the most popular men in the department. Choice fell on him because of his good record and the fact that he has been in the fullest confidence of the navy department for years. Admiral Dewey was first selected for the duty. He is now seventy years old and he declined. Admiral Vreeland was logically the next man to be considered.

The Delaware is now our largest battleship and it happened that she was the biggest ship in line at the naval review. The vessel is of 20,000 tons displacement, has a speed of 21 knots an hour, can develop 25,000 horse power and cost \$5,702,757. Her main battery consists of 10 guns of 12-inch and 14 of 5-inch bore. The crew numbers 900 and Capt. Charles A. Gove is in command. She is one of several dreadnoughts now being constructed for our navy.

BROWN CHOSEN CHANCELLOR

Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown of Washington, United States commissioner of education and former Michigan educator, was recently appointed chancellor of New York university to succeed the Rev. Dr. Henry Mitchell MacCracken, resigned.

Dr. Brown was born at Klanton, Chautauque county, New York, in 1861. His education was received at the Illinois Normal university, the University of Michigan and the University of Halle, in Germany, with the supplementary honor of the degree of LL. D. from both Columbia and Wesleyan universities.

His life work has been that of an educator, begun as teacher in public schools of Illinois and Michigan and afterwards as professor of science and art in teaching in the University of Michigan and University of California. He has published several works on educational subjects.

He has been United States commissioner of education since 1908.



THE LAZIEST MAN IS FOUND AT LAST

FOR TWELVE WHOLE YEARS THIS WEARY MAN HAS STAYED IN HIS BED.

IS AN INMATE OF POORHOUSE

With an Appetite That Would Shame a Goat John Muncia Spends His Existence in Bed—Laughs at Any Suggestion of Work.

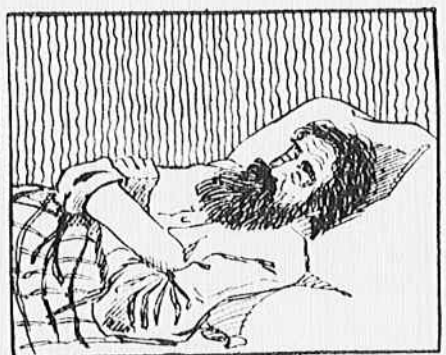
Jerseyville, Ill.—John Muncia is the laziest man on earth. Furthermore he is proud of his somewhat degrading distinction. For the last 12 years he has lain on his bed in the Jersey county poorhouse, eight miles from Jerseyville, and replied to every command that he arise and work with peels of weird laughter. Physicians have examined him time and time again and they declare that he is free from any infirmity that would incapacitate him from active work.

Now an old man probably seventy-one years of age he admits that he was born in Indiana at some point which he calls "below Fort Wayne," and that his father died when he was eleven years of age. Beyond this he refuses to be interviewed and usually answers his questioners with a burst of gleeful laughter.

He simply is an excellent example of what strength of character will accomplish for a man. Since the day 12 years ago that he made up his mind to keep to his bed he has made that his one object in life with the result that he has succeeded, perhaps, even beyond his early expectations. For a time the poorhouse officials tried to force him from bed by refusing to bring him meals to him but John, unperturbed, simply giggled, turned his face to the wall, and waited. After a time the poorhouse people were vanquished and forced to bring him food for fear that he would starve to death.

He is a small, slender man with a clean-cut intellectual looking face, yet his appetite has been unimpaired by his long stay in bed. He demands his three meals a day and upon getting them eats every crumb that is handed to him. His average meal would put to rout the most husky farmhand, yet his limbs are shrunken from disuse.

The only physical exercise that this laziest of men permits himself is the



Old John Muncia in Bed.

screwing up of his eyes, accompanied by a wrinkling of the forehead much as though he were busily engaged in solving some very difficult and intricate problem.

During his entire twenty years' stay upon the county poor farm he has not given one clue to his boyhood or the past of his youth. The first that was known of him was when he turned up in St. Charles county, Missouri, later removing across the river to Jersey county, Illinois. The last piece of manual labor with which he has been connected was a bit of wood chopping for a farmer of Elsah, Ill., and seemingly he still regrets it although he alludes to it with a half chuckle.

It was 12 years ago that the old man one morning announced he would stay in bed, except for the time needed to go to his three square ones a day, and he kept the promise. A year later, wearied by the walking thus necessitated, and by the exertion of dressing himself, he said that thereafter he would stay in bed. Only once in eleven years has he violated that resolve. One very hot day during the summer before last he found himself without drinking water in his airy second-floor apartment where he lies alone, and descended the steps to get the drink, also returning unaided. He may have thought to do this unobserved, but he was detected, and inmates of the place still remember the incident as an astonishing one.

During the 20 years which the old man has spent as an inmate of Jersey county he never has been seen to look at a book or paper, and the reasonable theory that he cannot read is hard to reconcile with his intelligent, educated, almost refined appearance, even when lying on a cot in a poorhouse dormitory.

Despite his apparent dislike for conversation with other people, and his disuse of books and papers, he can tell the day of week, the day of the month and the year with as much precision as though a calendar hung before his bed.

Chuckling, wrinkling up his face and narrowing his eyes, occasionally talking just enough to tantalize persons curious about his past, old John probably will carry his secrets, if he has any, to the graveyard behind the poorhouse hill. And meanwhile he will remain in the bed which has supported his work-hating frame for the last 12 years, and cor-me-um enough daily prodder to feed a harvest hand.

HERE IS THE LATEST HAREM BATHING SUIT

GARMENT DECLARED TO BE FOR WOMEN SWIMMERS RATHER THAN FOR POSERS.

Chicago.—We have scoffed at the harem skirt; but we bow to the harem bathing suit. It is something entirely new and a change which has been much needed. The luxury of the modern bathing suit for women reached its climax in the satin-embroidered and be-flowered affairs of last year, which were extremely costly and absolutely unserviceable. There were satin caps, bathing parasols and reticules to match, all costly, perishable and useless for bathing, whatever they may have been for posing on the



Harem Bathing Suit.

beach. And the woman as she strolled upon the sands was a thing of beauty but no swimmer.

The harem bathing suit is practical and sensible. It is intended to swim in, not to pose in. And it is far more modest than the average beach bathing suit. It consists of a regular man's sweater and a skirt, made trouser-fashion, with a panel in front which clasps on each of the trouser legs, and can be quickly loosened when the wearer is in the water. Somewhat wider skirt trousers come without the panel. They are intended to be worn with long tights or with the combination garment which many women wear in the water under the bathing suit.

PULLS THE PYTHON'S TEETH

Three Are Extracted to Relieve Suffering of Huge New York Zoo Serpent.

New York.—The 13-foot African python in the snake cage of the Central Park menagerie recently developed a swelling on one side of its head. By Director Smith's order an examination of the serpent's mouth was made.

A keeper opened the jaws with a stick and Keeper Burns looked into the mouth to get a line on the swell-



Pulling the Python's Teeth.

ing. He reported a gumball on the right side of the jaw. The boil, in his opinion, was caused by decayed teeth and it was decided that to cure the trouble it was necessary to do some tooth pulling. A pair of pliers was obtained and Burns got a grip on one of the needlelike teeth and yanked it out.

The python didn't like the experience and wriggled his tail loose and lashed about. There was a brief struggle until Snyder secured a fresh hold of the tail and kept the patient quiet. Three more teeth were extracted and then the keeper dentist lanced the boil and washed the wounded parts with antiseptic fluid.

THE ONLOOKER by WILBUR D. NESBIT

Good Bye, Old Room



Good-bye, old room of mine; I soon must close your door And come four days or five May seek you nevermore. The pictures on the wall, The books upon the shelves Which lounge and lean and fall Have long time had real selves.

Here through the wintry nights We you and old room— Have watched the creeping lights Of stars rise through the gloom, And lonely, far and high Sighed at the world without, But your four walls came nigh And held me roundabout.

And summer, with its haze Of silver mist at dawn, And long, long golden days That creep serenely on, And nights when crickets sang And flowers spread perfume Of wondrous pungent tang— All this was ours, old room.

You know the dreams I had, The songs I sought to sing In measure grave or glad, With smooth or halting swing; You have been friend to me, A haven in the night When nowhere else might be A friendly, guiding light.

Good-bye, old room; I go And leave you bleak and bare, And no one else may know What memories we share. Your four walls and your floor Are friends all good and fine— And now I close the door— Good-bye, old room of mine.

He Wanted a Rest.

"Yes," says the meek looking man at the crowded summer hotel. "I brought my wife here for a rest."

"For a rest?" asks the friend who knows what an excellent home the man has.

"Yes, and for comfort." "You came away from that fine, big house of yours, with all the wide-spread of lawn about it and all those beautiful flowers, and coop yourselves up in a 6x8 room here, and call it rest and comfort?"

"Sure," says the meek looking man. "Sure. Down here I don't have to push a lawn mower or sprinkle flowers all the time."

That After Feeling.

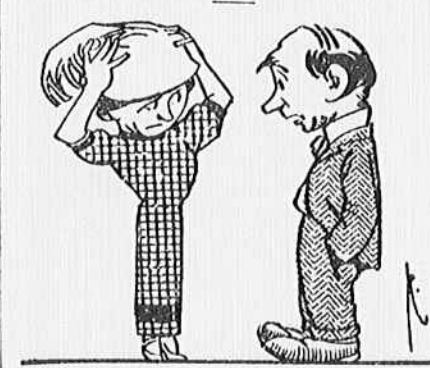
The man had been away on a vacation.

His neck was sunblistered, his eyes were weak from the glare of the sun, his hands were sore and calloused, his feet were painful, his arms ached, his pocketbook was empty, and he was tired.

Nevertheless he trudged all the way up Broadway and on to the office of Russell Sage.

"Mr. Sage," he remarked, entering the office of that wise man, "I beg your pardon for intruding, but I simply wish to tell you that now I am in full accord with your views on the vacation question."

DENSE MAN.



"I don't see the slightest difference between your new hat and the one you got last spring."

"Why, you goose, this new one cost five dollars more than the other."

Mrs. Henn of Tenn.

There was a young fellow in Tenn. Whose name was Patrick Henn. When he stayed out at night And roamed home at daylight His wife would sigh: "At it again!"

Loyal.

"Do you care much for pedestrianism?" asks the man with the wilted ears.

"How's that?" asks the man with the disconsolate whiskers.

"What do you think of pedestrianism as a?"

"Well, you see, I was raised a Presbyterian, and you know how a fellow sticks to his early training."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Tells Everyone About It

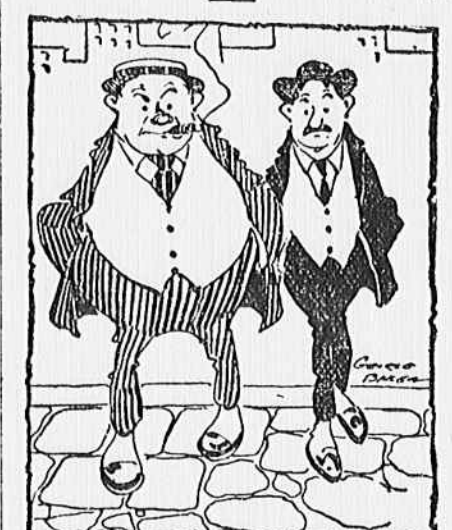
Mrs. John W. Pitchford, of Aspen, N. C.

I will always use Hunt's Cure for itching trouble, and tell all I see about it. I could not now to know that we are all well of that dreadful trouble. The first of last fall my little boy broke out with some kind of itching trouble. Thinking his blood was bad I gave him a good tonic, but he got worse, and could not sleep at night. Some said he had it, and told me what was good for it. I used what people said would cure it, but nothing did any good. My other two children and myself took the disease from him in January, 1911. I saw Hunt's Cure advertised and I purchased a 50c. box. It helped my little boy so much I got a box for each of the family, and now we are all well of that awful trouble. Hunt's Cure will cure it in a short time if you will go by directions. We had it in its worse form, and used Hunt's Cure, and we are now all well.

Thanks to A. B. Richards Medicine Co. of Sherman, Texas, manufacturers of such healing medicine. Nothing will cure like Hunt's Cure, or as quickly. Use it if you have any itching trouble and you will never be sorry. That is what I did.

MRS. JOHN W. PITCHFORD, Aspen, N. C.

AN INVITATION.



Harry Nort—I'm going up in an airship tomorrow.

Flatman—Well, drop in on us if you're passing our way.

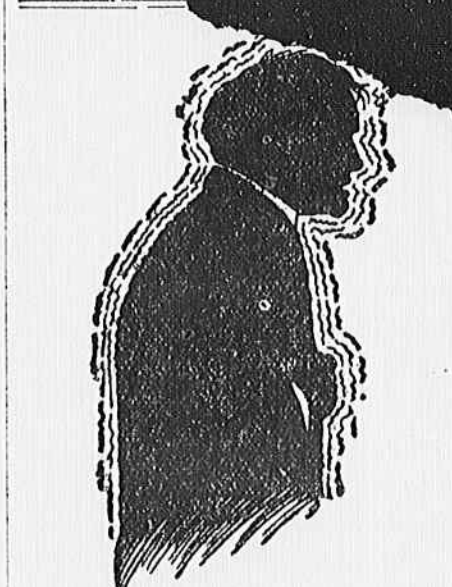
Well Domesticated.

Judge Parry in the course of a sketch of his judicial duties states that he has learned to sympathize with domestic frailties. "I was once rebuking a man for backing up his wife in what was not only an absurd story, but one in which I could see he had no belief. 'You should be more careful,' I said, 'and I tell you candidly I don't believe a word of your wife's story.' 'You may do as you like,' he said, mournful, 'but I've got to.'"

The "Can you about this bench?" "I prefer to do."

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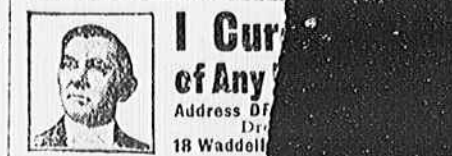
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